as soon as the streets are quiet, some time be-tween ten and eleven. They must allow an hour The guards tween ten and eleven. They must allow an hour to reach the gate, and the man goes off at twelve. In all likelihood they will not set out before a quarter of eleven: M. le Duc does not care to be "Yes, I am Vigo." the big man answered, strid-

at the next words:

Yes, he is to go. At first monsieur did not tell even him, he desired to keep this visit to the king so secret. But this morning he took Vigo by lackeys."

"M. Vigo." I said, "I have news for monsieur of the gravest moment. I am come on a matter of the gravest moment. I am stopped in the hall by lackeys." into his confidence, and nothing would serve the by lackeys." man but to go. He watches over monsieur like a hen over a chick."

"Then it will be three to three," I said. I thought of Gervais, Yeux-gris and Pontou, for of course I would take no part in it.
"Three to two; Lucas will not fight."
Lucas must be a poltroon, indeed!

"But Vigo and monsieur" —— I began.
"Aye, they are quick enough with their swords. Your side must be quicker, that's all. If you are sudden enough you can easily kill the duke before he can draw.'

Talk of words like thunderbolts! All the thunthe duke, after all!

I could not speak. I looked I know not how. Vigo But it was dusky in the arch. "It sounds simple," he went on. "But, three of him.

bott it after him, and his footsteps hurrying down where a page sprang up to bar our passage.

"No one may enter, M. Vigo, not even you. M.

and beat upon it furiously. But if he heard he Paris!" was afraid to respond. After a futile moment "I en that seemed an hour I rushed out of the arch and he knocked loudly.

"I came last night," I found time to say under around to the great gate. The grilles were closed as before, but the sen- my breath to my old comrade before the door was

try's face, luckily, was strange to me. "Open! open!" I shouted, breathless. "I must

"Who are you?" he demanded, staring.

"My name is Broux. I have news for M. le

Duc. Let me in. It is a matter of life and death."

"Why, I suppose, then, I must let you in," that

good fellow answered, drawing back the bolts.

"But you must wait here till"

"But you must wait here till"

"The suppose the s But you must wait here till"-

stood open, and a couple of lackeys lounged on a face, bench in the hall.

"M. le Duc!" I cried. "I must see him!" the court up the steps to the house. The door secretary with a scowl that sat ill on his delicate

They jumped up, the picture of bewilderment.
"Who are you? How came you here?" cried
the quicker-tongued of the two. "The sentry opened for me. Where am I to Ind M. le Duc? I must see him! I have news!" "M. le Duc sees no one to-day," the second

a shar rose on the lackey announced pompously.

"But I must see him. I tell you," I repeated.

I had completely lost what little head I ever had; it seemed to me that if I could not see M. le Duc on the instant I should find him weltering in his gore. "I must see him." I evied parent like "It quick."

gore. "I must see him," I cried, parrot-like. "It is a matter of life and death."

news of the highest moment. You will be sorry if you do not get me quickly to M. le Duc."

They looked at each other, somewhat impressed.

"Monsieur," I cried, half chol plot—a vile plot to murder you!"

"Where? At St. Quentin?"

had spoken first Constant was Master of the Household: M. le Due had inherited him with the estate and kept sword. Luchim in his place for old time's sake. He was old, sleur cried: fussy and self-important, and withal no friend to

"Oh, Vigo will not come. He is with monsieur.

If I bring M. Constant it is the best I can do for "Liable!" breathed Vigo.

to remember the nature of lackeys, and gave the messenger the last piece of silver I had in the world. He regarded it contemptuously, but pocketed it and departed in leisurely fashion with the silver in the alley"—

"Diable!" breathed Vigo.

"They set on you on your way—three of them—to run you through before you can draw."

"But, ventre bleu! Monsieur is not alone."

"No; he walks between you are

"What sort of news have you? Do you come from the king?" he asked in a lowered voice.

"From M. de Valere?"

"Then who the devil are you?"

We were getting into a lively quarrel when

"An impostor, he yelled shrilly, "or else a mad- gris an or an assassin."
"That is the truth," said some one, laying a ing.
"Monsieur," I retorned, flushing hot, "monman-or an assassin.

dues. I know enough to make trouble for him, and I know where to take my knowledge. He will own the truth then!"

"Enfin, are you telling me the hour?" I said to get the errand done and be gone. He laid a hand on my shoulder and made mend to him, and even then spole so low I could searce catch the words.

"They have fixed postively on to-night. They will state by this door and take the route I despond to post fixed ass son as the streets are quiet, some time between the spot in spite of my should are the thing. They was eas son as the streets are quiet, some time before him, and even street to take my knowledge. He will own the truth then!"

"I am no assasaln!" I began, struggling to put the case the guard would not let me enter. I was so mad not his nature. His lentency fired me with a sud-time, and the patience was the finer that it was come. "Mosteur, that when you drove out a denies to you, monsieur, that when you drove out a denies to you, monsieur, that when you drove out a denies to you, monsieur, that when you drove out a denies to you, monsieur, that when you drove out a denies the guard would not let me enter. I was so mad not his nature. His lentency fired me with a sud-time, and his patience was the finer that it was come. "Mosteur, the enter love out a denies to you, monsieur, and the graps." It was not make the graph. The graps of the guard would not it me enter. I was so mad not his nature. His lentency fired me with a sud-time, and they out of the guard would not it me enter. I was so mad not his nature. His lentency fired me with a sud-time, and the graph. "Monsieur, the enter love out a denies the guard would not it me enter. I was so mad not his nature. His lentency fired me with a sud-time, and the graph. The graph is the guard would not it me enter. I was so mad not his nature. His lentency fired me with a sud-time, and the graph. The graph is the guard would not it me enter. I was so mad not his nature. His lentency fired me with a sud-time, and the graph. The graph is the guard would not

quarter of eleven; M. le Duc does not care to be recognized."

So they planned to kill Lucas at monsieur's side?

Neux-gris had not dared to tell me that. But he had looked me straight in the face and sworn on the cross no harm was meant to M. le Duc. Natheless the thing looked usiv. My heart leaned up.

"Yes, I am Vigo." the big man answered, striding down the stairs. "Who are you?"

I wanted to shout, "Felix Broux. monsieur's page," but a sort of nightmare dread came over me lest Vigo too should disclaim me, and my voice stuck in my throat.

"Whoever you are you will be taught not to the stairs."

it's the boy Felix!" "Also Vigo will go."

At the friendliness in his voice the guards dropped their hands from me.

"Mot so loud! You will have the guard on us! dropped their hands from me.

"M. Vigo." I said, "I have news for monsteur with the friendliness in his voice the guards dropped their hands from me.

He looked at me sternly.
"This is not one of your fooleries, Felix?" "Come with me."

UII.-- A Divided Duty.

HAT was Vigo's way. The toughest snarl untangled at his touch. He had more sense and fewer airs than any other, he saw at once that I was in earnest; and Constant's voluble protests were as der of heaven could not have whelmed me like those words. Yeux-gris and Mis oaths! It was make the man. Though Constant was the Master of the Household and Vigo only Equerry, yet Vigo ruled every corner of the establishment and every man in it save only monsieur, who ruled

That is all. I have told you all. I must get back stair; neither reproved me for the fracas nor questioned I am missed. Good luck to the enterprise." Still I stood like a block of wood.

Still I stood like a block of wood.

"Tell M. Gervais to remember me," he said, and monsieur's business, and save as I concerned monsieur he had no interest in me whatsoever.

Opening the door passed in. I heard him lock and He led the way straight into an antechamber,

the passageway.

"No one may enter, M. Vigo, not even you. M.

Then I came to myself and sprang to the door le Duc has ordered it. Why, Felix! You in

"I enter," said Vigo; and sweeping Marcel aside

opened. The handsome secretary whom I had taken for the count stood in the doorway looking askance at us. He knew me at once and wondered.

"You cannot enter, Vigo. M. le Duc is occu-He made to shut the door, but Vigo's foot was

"Natheless, I must enter," he answered un-The gate was open. I took base advantage of abashed, and pushed his way into the room.

"Matheless, I must enter," he answered unbashed, and pushed his way into the room.

"Then you must answer for it," returned the

> "You shall answer for it if it turns out a mare's nest," said Vigo in a low, meaning voice to me. But I hardly heard him. I passed him and Lucas

and flew down the long room to monsieur.

M. le Duc was seated before a table heaped with papers. He had been watching the scene at the door in surprise and anger. He looked at me with a sharp frown, while the deer bound at his feet rose on its haunches growling.
"Roland!" I said. The dog sprang up and came

"Felix Broux!" monsieur exclaimed with his quick, warm smile-a smile no man in France could match for radiance.

"That's my affair. Enough that I come with "The highest moment. You will be sorry the highest moment. You will be sorry "Monsieur," I cried, half choked, "there is a

They looked at each other, somewhat impression "No, mousieur."

"No, mousieur."

to-night when you go to the king."

to-night when you go to the king."

Monsieur sprang to his feet, his hand on his Monsieur sprang to his feet, his hand on his

Lucas turned white. Vigo swore. Mon-"How, in God's name, know you that?"

"You have been betrayed, monsieur. Your plan "I had rather you fetched Vigo," I said.
"Oh, Vigo will not come. He is with monsieur.
"Oh, Vigo will not come. He is with monsieur.

Not one of them spoke. They stared at me as if I were something uncanny. I, a raw country boy, The other was not too grand to cross-examine disclosing a perfect knowledge of their most intimate plans

"How know you this?" monsieur demanded of me. But he was not looking at me. His keen glance went first to Lucas, then to Vigo, the two men who had shared his confidence. The secretary cried out:

"You cannot think, monsieur, that I betrayed

"Then who the devit are you."

"Fellx Broux of St. Quentin."

"Ah, St. Quentin." he said, as if he found that rather tame. "You brings news from there?"

"No, I do not. Think you I shall tell you?"

This news is for monsleur."

"It won't reach monsleur unless you learn potentially the property of the liteness toward the gentlemen of his household," thing save our three selves." And his gaze went

back to Lucas.
"It is not likely to be he." I said, impelled to be Constant appeared on the stairway—Constant and just to him though I did not like him, "for they the lackey who had fetched him and two more meant to kill him as well."

came flocking about us as I said:

"Then who was it?" cried monsieur to me. "You dath at the end of the half hour I containts face of surprise at me changed to me of malked. Down at St. Quentin in be had surprise at me changed to me of malked. Down at St. Quentin he had surprise at me changed to me of malked. Down at St. Quentin he had surprise at me changed to me of malked. There is a styl in the house—an eavesdropper,"

"You—a Broux of St. Quentin!" on the whole of st. Quentin!" on the strict of the house—an eavesdropper,"

"Then who was it?" cried monsieur to me. "You did not tell; at the end of the half hour I count ten—tell you tall before you could add not tell; at the end of the flogging is should not tell; at the end of the flogging is should not tell; at the end of the flogging is should not tell; at the end of the half hour I count ten—tell you take it at the end of the half hour I count ten—tell you take it at the end of the half hour I count ten—tell you take it at the end of the half hour I count ten—tell you take it at the end of the half hour I count ten—tell you take it at the end of the half hour I count ten—tell you take it at the end of the half hour I count ten—tell you take it may all the down ten." "Monsieur, I will tell you all before you could have the whereabouts at the end of the laft mow is try all three did, said now:

"You—a Broux of St. Quentin!" "Monsieur, I will tell you all before you could have the whereabouts at the end of the laft mow is try all three did, said now:

"You all had played many a prank on him, the would revenge blimself with a style all the would now:

"And yet I knew that at the end of the longing in whet the white did, said now:

"You call him them, the should now:

"You call him them will spould have easy, yet I flinched with white the would revenge has a said." "Wou call him the white did, said now:

"You call him them will at the end of the half how:

"You call him them will at the end of the half how:

"Wou call him them. The would have the west as a still "No," maintained Constant. "You are an impostor! Nonsense!" I cried out. "Constant, you know me as well as you know yourself. Call out his guards and slay the plotters in that stant, you know me as well as you know yourself. Rue Coupejarrets like the wolves they were. It straight to you, though I was under oath not to would not you are an impostor! Nonsense!" I cried out. "Constant "You are an impostor! Nonsense!" I cried out. "Constant "You are an impost in a straight to you. I have always loved "Aye. he lied to me," I said brokenly. "Yet, you." I cried "I am not lying now nor cheating monsieur, if it were your own case and one had stant, you know me as well as you know yourself. Rue Coupejarrets like the wolves they were. It straight to you, though I was under oath not to would you only you only you only you only you only you only your first duity?" Constant was paying off old scores with interest. was right he should, but-I owed my life to Yeux-

"Ah, monsieur!" I cried.

wrong. I knew that as soon as I had sworn. And when I found it was you they meant a came to you, oath or no oath."

"Felix, you are blind, besotted, mad. You know not what to do. I am in constant danger. The city is filled with my enemies. The Leagues hate



Inckeys and a page, all of whom had somethow scented that something was in the wind. They came flocking about us as I said:

Lucas started, then instantly recovered himself. "M. le Duc!" I criez: "I must see him. It is a matter of life and death!" a smile.

Then, in heaven's name, Felix," burst out Vigo,

"Aye, he lied to me," I said brokenly. "Yet, of mensieur's books."

"To whom do you owe your first duty?" "Monsieur, to you." "Then speak.

But I could not do it. Though I knew Yeux-

"That is the truth," sald some one, laying a law, heavy hand on my shoulder. I turned; two men of the guard had come up, my friend of just now and my foe of the morning. It was the latter who held me and said:

"This is the very rascal who sprans on monsterry looked at me in surprise and frowing sleur." We were fools enough to let him on feel be might have stabled monsterry with time he shall not set of so easy."

"It is morning and I mean none now. I am liere the sare monstear; life."

"The said is what I should like to know. For, by gris for a villain, yet he had saved my life.

"Monsteur," I retorned, flushing het, "monsteur, it should like to know. For, by gris for a villain, yet he had saved my life.

"Monsteur," I retorned, flushing het, "monsteur, it should like to know. For, by gris for a villain, yet he had saved my life.

"Monsteur," I retorned, flushing het, "monsteur, it should like to know. For, by gris for a villain, yet he had saved my life.

"Monsteur, I cannot."

The duke cried out:

"Monsteur, I know this name, but"—

"Monsteur, I know the named out of me just now on this tack, and with unabated persistence tried room."

The duke cried out:

"Monsteur, I cannot."

The duke cried out:

"Monsteur, I know the plating hed, "monsteur the was a silence. I stood with hanging head, selected out:

"Monsteur, I cannot."

The duke cried out:

"Monsteur, I cannot."

The duke cried out:

"Monsteur, I have gree do a shame-faced keave. Shame so in this tack in the surprise and frowing in the dout."

The duke cried out:

"Monsteur, I cannot."

The duke cried out:

"Is it true. Felix, what one of the men said just one on this tack, and with unabated persistence tried to a shame-faced keave. Shame so filled me that I could not look up to meet monsteur; the satory, Something is there we have not yet.

"It is not a case for founds."

"It is not a case for founds."

"It is not a case

came straight to you."

save me you turn traitor and take part in a plot

"That is likely true," said Vigo, "for he was to set on him and kill him! I had believed that proud anger, and for the second time stood with hanging head awaiting his sentence. And again "Monsieur, I was wrong—a thousand times he did what I could not guess. He cried out:

"Monsieur," I was wrong—a thousand times he did what I could not guess. He cried out:

"That is likely true," said Vigo, "for he was to set on him and kill him! I had believed that proud anger, and for the second time stood with hanging head awaiting his sentence. And again "Monsieur, I was wrong—a thousand times he did what I could not guess. He cried out:

quarter of eleven; M. le Duc does not care to be recognized."

The proposition of the planed to kill Lucas at monsieur's side?

So they planned to kill Lucas at monsieur's side?

Neux-gris had not dared to tell me that. But he had looked me straight in the face and sworn on that looked me straight in the face and sworn on the cross no harm was meant to M. le Duc. Natheless, the thing looked ugly. My heart leaped up to set the next words:

"An, monsieur' I cried.

"You—Fellx Broux. monsieur's side?

"You—Fellx Broux. danger. The cried in some excitement when I don't me that as soon as I had sworn. And when I found it was you they meant a came to do. I am in constant danger. The page," but a sort of nightmare dread came over more than to do. I am in constant danger. The page," but a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you they meant a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you they meant a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you they meant a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you they meant a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you they meant a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you they meant a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you they meant a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you they meant a sort of nightmare dread came over when I found it was you as found in some excitement.

"There spoke the Broux!" Cried monsieur with me that But he me and are ever plotted against the fight was fair enough. And they his brilliant, smile. "Now you are Felix. Who are you when I found it was you had sort of nightmare dread came over "When? Who was it?"

"There spoke the Broux!" So when I found it was you had sort of nightmare dread came over "When? Who was it?"

"There spoke the fight was fair enough. And they had a sort of nightmare dread came over "When? Who was it?"

"The spoke the fight was fair enough. And they had a sort of nightmare dread came over "When? When? When? When? end to serve—to pave a way into the capital for your man say?" the Catholic king and bring the land to peace. "Nothing. He For that I live in hourly jeopardy and risk my life dead." to-night on foot in the streets. If I am killed "Psl

> the king and this dear France of ours be harried try.
> to a desert in the civil wars!" I had braced myself to bear monsieur's anger, but this unlooked-for appear pierced me through and I had much, though it may not have seemed the day they had the quarrel."
>
> "Who quarrelled?" so-rose in answer to monsieur's call. I fell on my knees before him, choked with sobs.

"Now, Fellx, speak."

I answered huskily: "Would monsieur have me turn Judas?" "Judas betrayed his master."

It was my last stand. My last redoubt had fallen. I raised my head to tell him all. Maybe it was the tears in my eyes, but as I lifted them to M. le Due I saw—not him, but Yeux-gris—Yeux-gris looking at me with warm good one must not mention it."

"To speak like that or monsieur.

"Enfin, it is true. He is none the worse for that. But I suppose if monsieur had a cloven hoof one must not mention it." gris—Yeux-gris looking at me with warm good vill, as he had looked when he was saving me from Gervais. I saw him, I say, plain before my eyes. The next instant there was nothing but monsieur's face of rising impatience.

I rose to my feet and said:

'Kill me, monsieur; I cannot tell."

"Nom de dieu!" he shouted, springing up. then and there it were no more than my deserts. "Monsieur," said Vigo immovably, "shall I go for the boot?"

still, his brow knotted, his hands clenched as if to great matter. Tell me about the quarrel." keep them off me.

thumbscrew, whatever you please. I deserve !' and I will bear it. Monsieur, it is not that I will not tell. It is comething stronger than I. I can- You see, Felix," Marcel said in a tone deep with He burst into an angry laugh.

"Say you are possessed of a devil and I will be you are possessed of a devil and I will be "I suppose you would say of course just like buke of St. Quentin I seem to be getting that to Mayenne himself. You greenhorn! It is and I Duke of St. Quentin I seem to be getting as much as our lives are worth to side openly with the worst of it." "There is the boot, monsieur."

"That does not help me, my good Vigo. I cannot torture a Broux." There monsieur is wrong. The lad has been disloyal and insolent if he is a Broux."

Monsieur laughed again, no less angrily.

Vigo went on with steady persistence. "He has rant it was about Mile, de Montluc. They call her not been loyal to monsieur and his interests by refusing to tell what he knows. And if he goes enne's own cousin and housemate. And we're counter to monsieur's interests he is a traitor, king's men, so of course it was no match for mon-Broux or no Broux. He has no claim to be treat-ed as other than an enemy. These are serious the marriage, but our duke wouldn't hear of it, times. Monsieur does not well to play with his However, the backbone of the trouble was M. de

I to go for the boot, monsieur?" M. le Duc was silent for a moment while the

"Nevertheless it is owing to Felix that I shall came here he brought M. de Grammont. Dare I of walk out to meet my death to-night."

The secretary had stood silent for a long time say, at the risk of a broken head, that he is a negering personal than the say. not walk out to meet my death to-night.' fingering nervously the papers on the table. He sour-faced churl. You cannot deny it. You never had forgotten his presence, when now he stepped saw him."

forward and said:

"No, nor M. le Comte either."

If I might be permitted a suggestion, mon-

Monsieur silenced him with a sharp gesture. "Felix Broux," he said to me, "you have been the chase. Don't you remember?" following a bad plan. No man can run with the "Why, you are right; that was the time you fel hare and hunt with the hounds. You are either my out of the buttery window when you were stealing loyal servant or my enemy, one thing or the other.

Now I am loath to hurt you. You have seen how stick. I remember very well."

He was for calling up all our old pranks at the change to be house. ance to be honest. Go and think it over. If in chateau, but it was little joy to me to think on half an hour you have decided that you are my those fortunate days when I was monsieur's favortrue man, well and good. If not, by St. Quentin, ite. I said: we will see what a flogging can do!'

ruled monsieur, were wrong.

The big equerry gave me over to the charge of that he would share his last sou with any one who Marcel and returned to the inner room. Hardly asked." had the door closed behind him when the page

"What is it? What is the coil? What have you tins." done. Felix?"

Now you can guess I was too sick-hearted for chatter. I had defied and disobeyed my liege lord; They threatened me with flogging; well, only said M. le Comte"— I could never hope for pardon or any man's relet them flog. They could not make my back any sorer than my conscience was. For I had not the satisfaction in my trouble of thinking that I had done right. Monsieur's danger should have been "T done right. Monsieur's danger should have been my first consideration. What was Yeux-gris, perjured scoundrel, in comparison with M. le Duc?

And you I know that at the end of the half hour I.

"As you will, M. Vigo," I said hopelessly. The duke's eyes flashed.

"You call him stast—my assassin!"

"He is an assassin," I was forced to answer;

"You may be a separate of the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur. Like as not I shall get a beating for the praises of monsieur.

"What was old Vigo after when he took you in to in a low tone to disobey Vigo.

monsieur? I never saw anything so bold. When

I had nothing to tell him and was silent.
"What is it? Can't you tell an old chum?" "No: It is monsieur's private business,"

"Yes. But monsieur did not recognize me."

"Like enough," Marcel answered. "He has a —not to accuse him, mind you. For M. le Comte way of late of falling into these absent fits. Mon- is wild enough, yet monsieur did not think he

It was my turn to stare, 'Then where is he?' "It would be money in my pouch if I knew. What made you think him dead, Felix?"

"Nothing. He only said the Comte de Mar was

more than my life is lost. The Church may lose thing you hear because you are just from the coun-"Pshaw! I don't believe it. You believe every-No; if M. le Comte were dead we should, hear of it. Oh, certainly, we should hear."
"But where is he, then? You say he is lost."

"Aye. He has not been seen or heard of since

"Why, he and monsteur," answered Marcel in a Monsieur's hand lay on my head as he said "M. le Comte has been his own master too long to take kindly to a hand over him; that is the whole of it. He has a quick temper. So has monsieur." But I thought of monsieur's wonderful patience, and I cried: "Shame!"

"What now?"

"One would get his head broken."
"Oh, you Broux!" he cried out. "I have not seen you for half a year. I had forgotten that

with you the St. Quentins rank with the saints." "You-you are a hired servant. You come to "Nom de dieu!" he shouted, springing up. monsieur as you might come to anybody. With I shut my eyes and waited. Had he slain me the Broux it is different," I retorted angrily. Yet I could not but know in my heart that any hired servant might have served monsieur better than I. My boasted loyalty—what was it but lip ser-ill his brow knotted him. Monsieur stood quite vice? I said more humbly: "Pebant it is I said more humbly: "Pshaw! it is no

"And so I will if you're civil. In the first place, "Monsieur," I said, "send for the boot, the there was the question of M. le Comte's marriage." "What! is he married?"

"Oh, by no means. Monsieur wouldn't have it. importance, "we're Navarre's men now."
"Of course," said I.

Navarre. The League may attack us any day." "I know," I said uneasily. Every chance word Marcel spoke seemed to dye my guilt the deeper.

"But what has this to do with M. le Comte's marriage?" I asked him. "Why, he was more than half a Leaguer. Per-"Granted, Vigo." said M. le Duc. But he did haps he is one now. Some say he and monsieur not add, "Fetch the boot."

were at daggers drawn about politics; but I war-

dangers. The boy must tell what he knows. Am Grammont." "And who may he be?" "He's a cousin of the house. He and M. le Comte are as thick as thieves. Before we came to hot flush that had sprung to his face died away. Comte are as thick as thicked the flush that had sprung to his face died away. Paris they lodged together. So when M. le Comte are as thick as thicked the flush that had sprung to his face died away.

"Why, you have seen M. le Comte!" "Never, The only time he came to St. Quentin I was laid up in bed with a strained leg. I missed

"Nay, Marcel, you were telling me of M. 10

Comte and the quarrel.' "Oh, as for that it is easy told. You see, M. le UIII. - Charles Andre - Etienne - Marie. Comte and this Grammont took no interest in NPLEASED but unprotesting Vigo monsieur's affairs, and they had very little to say PLEASED but unprotesting Vigo led me out into the anteroom.

Those men who judged by the outside of things and, knowing Wigola from ways said that he Grammont had such a run of bad luck at the tables Vigo's iron ways, said that he that he not only emptied his own pockets but M. le Comte's as well. I will say for M. le Comte

"And so would any St. Quentin."

"Oh, you are always piping up for the St. Quen-"He should have no need in this house. We jumped up to find Vigo standing behind us. "What have you been saying of monsieur?"

"You are not to discuss M. le Comte. Do you "Yes, M. Vigo."

"Enfin, as I said, the two young gentlemen were monsieur says he is not to be disturbed he means quite sans le sou, for things had come to a point where M. le Duc looked pretty black at any application for funds-he has other uses for his gold. you see. One day monsieur was expecting some one to whom he was to pay a thousand pistoles. "Well, you are grumpy!" he cried out pettishly, and to have the money handy he put it in a secret "You must be out of grace." He seemed to decide drawer in his cabinet in the room yonder. The that nothing was to be made out of me just now man arrives and is taken to monsieur's private on the tack and with management of the tack. on this tack, and with unabated persistence tried room. Monsieur gives him his orders and goes to the cabinet for his pistoles. No pistoles there!" "Is it true, Felix, what one of the men said just Marcel paused dramatically. "And what then?"

"Well, it appears he had once-shown M. le would steal pistoles, nor would he, I will stake But at length he said I should come, and I reached Now that was like my lord. Though a hot man "Pshaw!" cried Marcel with scorn. "Is mon- Comte answered, Only Grammont,"